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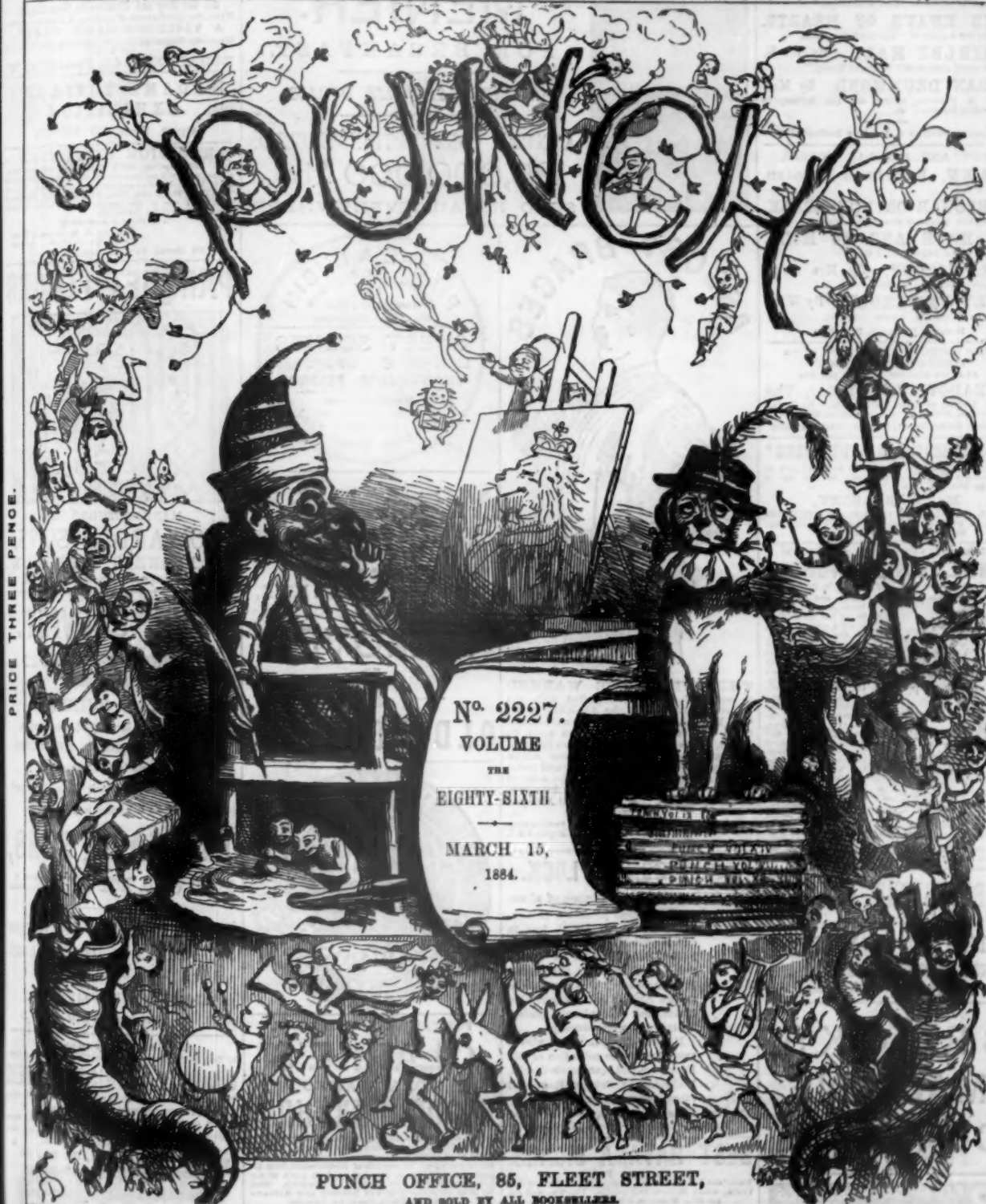
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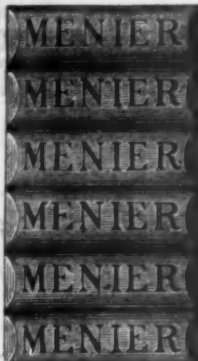
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Lady Resident. "OH, WELL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS ABILITY; BUT HE'S GOT A VERY GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER!"

A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS!

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of strife,
Where the English fought for the rescue, and the Arab stood for his life;
When the crash of the battle is over, and healed are our wounds and scars,
There will live in our island story a Tale of the Tenth Hussars!

They had charged in the grand old fashion with furious shout and swoop,
With a "Follow me, Lads!" from the Colonel, and an answering roar from the troop;

On the Staff, as the Troopers past it, in glory of pride and pluck,
They heard, and they never forgot it, one following shout, "Good luck!"

Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,
The man who'd led them often, but was never to lead again.
Think of the secret anguish! think of the dull remorse!
To see the Hussars sweep past him, unled by the old White Horse!

An alien, not a stranger: with heart of a comrade still,
He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will;
And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,
He followed the Staff in silence, and rode to the grand parade;

For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the General's praise,
Who was called to the front that evening by the name of Trooper HAYES;
He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed, alone,
And in saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.

The General spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can—
"The Army's proud of your valour: the Regiment's proud of their man!"
Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the General's praise,
Came a cheer, then a quick short tremble on the lips of Trooper HAYES.

"Speak out," said the kindly Colonel, "if you've anything, Lad, to say;
Your QUEEN and your dear old country shall hear what you've done to-day!"

But the Trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then sheepishly hung his head;

"Speak out, old chap!" said his comrades. With an effort, at last, he said—

"I came to the front with my pals here, the boys, and the brave old tars,
I've fought for my QUEEN and country, and rode with the Tenth Hussars;

I'm proud of the fine old regiment!"—then the Colonel shook his hand—

"So I'll ask one single favour from my QUEEN and my native land!

"There sits by your side on the Staff, Sir, a man we are proud to own!

He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to groan;

If I've done ought to deserve it,"—then the General smiled "Of course,"—

"Give back to the Tenth their Colonel—the Man on the old White Horse!

"If ever a man bore up, Sir, as a soldier should, with pluck,
And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck—

That man he sits beside you! Give us back, with his wounds and scars,

The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth Hussars!"

Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,

And was borne on the wings of mercy to the heart of his native land,

Where the QUEEN on her Throne will hear it, and the Colonel Prince will praise

The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper HAYES.

Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live;

For better than all forgetting, is the wonderful word "Forgive!"

HEAT AND LIGHT.

AT a meeting of the National Patriotic War Whoop Society, held on Monday last to enable one or two noble-men to deliver eloquent anti-Ministerial speeches, of which the House of Lords was not worthy, that House having strangely preferred going off to dinner instead of listening to them, the following interesting letter was read from Professor TINDERBOX:—

"It would have given me, as a man of peace and science, a great deal of pleasure to attend your Meeting. I could have shown without any difficulty how well the scientific system of the Division of Labour is illustrated when Platform Oratory, Jingoism, and Chemistry meet in the same person, and that an individual who has made a name as a Philosopher deserves to be regarded as an authority on Eastern politics. (*Cheers.*) I can assure you that during the last few days my blood has repeatedly reached the boiling point, Fahrenheit, owing to the nefarious character of Mr. GLADSTONE, whom, however, I, as a good Liberal, regard with deep respect. A gentleman whom I met at the bottom of a *crevasse* in a glacier near the Bel Alp, and who had tasted no food for six days, recently told me that he thought England was going to the dogs; I controverted the opinion with some warmth at the time, but now I see what a really accurate and original remark it was." (*"Hear, hear!"*)

"But to return. The present Government is showing strong signs of what I may perhaps call *cretaceous degeneration*; indeed, their continuance in office is the only argument I know against my friend DARWIN's doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest. Providence, or that congeries of forces which goes by the name, manifestly favours the absorption of sandy deserts all over the Universe into the broad bosom of the Empire. Excuse the unscientific ardour of the expression, but I cannot refrain from ejaculating, 'Hurrah for our gallant Redcoats!' There is nothing, let me assure your Meeting, in the least degree inconsistent in a Scientific Materialist coming out as a Political Sentimentalist of the deepest dye. Politics is, in fact, that branch of my intellectual activities upon which Nature compensates herself for the severe rationality of Science." (*Cheers.*)



"PROOF POSITIVE"!

Customer (with a slight stutter). "P-P-LEASE S-SHOW ME SOME C-C-CUFFS AND C-C-COLLARS."
Shopman. "IM-M-M-MEDIATELY, SIR. I P-P-PERCEIVE YOU 'VE A S—LIGHT IMP-P-P-PEDIMENT, SIR! YOU SH-SH-SH-SH—OULD C-C-CONSULT D-D-DOCTOR Q-Q-Q-Q-QUAVER, SIR. HE C-C-C-CURED ME!"

THE FOWLER SPREADS HIS NET IN VAIN!

THERE certainly was some degree of humour in the announcement that the LORD MAYOR, in accordance with his kindly and hospitable character, was about to ask the celebrities of the House of Commons to a banquet at the Mansion House; and, in the thorough conviction that generous fare and generous wine dispelled all ill-nature and ill-feeling, and induced wise and reasonable men to seek rather for points upon which they could agree than for those on which they differed, his guests were to be arranged as follows:—MR. GLADSTONE and LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; MR. CHAMBERLAIN and MR. MARRIOTT; MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. BRADLAUGH; MR. FORSTER and MR. PARNELL; SIR WILFRID LAWSON and MR. BASS; SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT and MR. BIGGAR; SIR WALTER CARDEN and MR. FIRTH; MR. BRIGHT and MR. LABOUCHÈRE. Upon making inquiries, however, in the highest quarters, namely, his Lordship's front kitchen, our Correspondent was informed that the replies received up to the present time were of so unsatisfactory a character that it was feared the kind and thoughtful intention would have to be abandoned.

DAYS OF DINNERS.

"Now, when parties are entertained in well-appointed sporting country-houses in England, or in shooting-lodges in Scotland, a succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals for rest, from morning hours till long past dewy eve."—LADY JOHN MANNERS, in the *National Review*.

Go read the *National Review*,
 O gormandising sinners,
 And learn therein you should eschew
 So many tempting dinners.
 You eat and drink from morn till night,
 With breakfast, dinner, luncheon,
 Until you find your waistcoats tight,
 Each man a human puncheon.

There's breakfast, with each tempting dish,
 At early morning taken,
 With flesh and fowl, and many a fish,
 With kidneys, chops, and bacon.
 There's luncheon, with the *entrées* warm,
 Cold meat, and pies, and pickles,
 With all the *gourmet's* eye can charm,
 And all his palate tickles.

Then tea comes in the afternoon,
 With shaves of bread and butter,
 You with the ladies wield the spoon,
 And round the muffins flutter;
 Or if to liquor you incline,
 And scorn the fragrant Hyson,
 They'll bring you several sorts of wine,
 To name your special "pison."

The dinner comes with all it brings
 To show the cook's resources:
 Not now a modest poet sings
 The sequence of the courses.
 Let it suffice you've all the heart
 Can wish for at the table;
 With knife and fork you play your part,
 'Mid conversation's Babel.

Dessert will follow, with each sort
 Of fruit known to the era,
 With claret, sherry, and with port,
 Perchance some old Madeira.
 Then coffee and a *petit verre*
 Of brandy? That's the question;
 Chartreuse, the yellow, men declare
 Is best for your digestion.

And, after dinner, when you crowd
 The pleasant room for smoking,
 Cigars and pipes too are allowed,
 And then's the time for joking.
 Perchance anchovy-toast is found,
 And gay old boys get frisky
 When "S. and B." and "slings" go round
 With potash and with whiskey.

O Lady JOHN, you're right, you say,
 Man is a shocking glutton,
 His soul is given up to-day
 To endless beef and mutton.
 He never tries, it seems to me,
 Plain living and high thinking;
 For, when he isn't eating, he
 Is certain to be drinking!

Church and State.

At a meeting of the Brighton Town Council, the other day—

"Mr. Alderman ABBEY said that in his opinion they could not have too many piers in Brighton. ('Hear! hear!')"

It is gratifying to find this noble sentiment applauded, and proves that London-super-Mare will not countenance any attempt to disestablish the House of Lords at present.

THE PALMY DAYS OF THE DRAMA.—
 When people were not afraid to applaud.



BRAVE SOLDIER BOYS!

"Many of the Troops that fought so well at El Teb were raw recruits."

(F.M. Punch's Tribute to the JUNIOR United Service.)

BOW-WOW v. BOW-WOW.

WHEN a Statesman's bounceably benignant,
When an Interest's furiously indignant,
When a Statesman's pigment proves too inky,
When the Interest's rose-pink looks too pinky;
When the Statesman as an Ajax poses;
When the Interest swears its realm's all roses:
When the latter vows that interference,
Of its rights will make a general clearance,
Send the country straightway to the dickens;—
Then that country of such nonsense sickens,
Knows the Statesman deals in Big Bow-Wow,
Knows the Interest's calculated row
Is half hollow bunkum, and decides
A sharp eye to keep both sides.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS!"

YES, we shall all have to come unto them, since an American, Mr. WEBB-BARBER, has discovered a new cure for indigestion. He prescribes a certain amount of sand to be taken with every meal. Each portion of food is to be taken, not only *cum grano salis*, but with a grain of sand as well. Sandwiches will doubtless form the most popular item of light refreshment, and anything that's sandy, or that happens to be gritty, will be eagerly devoured. Judges, Senators, Storekeepers, Colonels, Carpet-baggers, and Ink-slingers have all tried the new cure, and from being helpless hypochondriacs they have become as jolly as Sandboys. A Company has been formed for the purchase of Ramsgate Sands, and the inventor is coming to England, where a number of grateful dyspeptics are going to have his portrait painted by Mr. FREDERIC SANDYS.

SUMMARY OF THE GOVERNMENT POLICY IN EGYPT (a Suggestion from the Opposition Benches).—"Small profits and quick returns!"

UNPARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.—In the House of Commons a "four-lined Whip" is now called a "Cat o' Four Tails."



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE POETS.

Fond Wife (who has just listened to a new Sonnet). "I THINK IT PERFECT, DARLING; BUT I'M NO JUDGE. YOU HAD BETTER READ IT TO MR. MELNOTTE, WHO WRITES POETRY HIMSELF."

Poetical Husband. "NOT IF I KNOW IT! WHY, BEFORE I'VE QUITE FINISHED, HE'LL PULL OUT AND READ A SONNET OF HIS OWN!"

KILLING TIME.

TIME is proverbially recognised as everybody's "Enemy." To kill, if possible, everybody's Enemy,—to devour, as it were, old *Edax Rerum*, in the largest possible mouthfuls, is plainly the duty of everybody. What is known as "the time of the Country" is, of course, the special object of the "devouring" zeal of all true lovers of that Country. This obvious truth is recognised with sufficient distinctness by our palavering patriots at St. Stephen's. Nevertheless, some rules, hints, and suggestions may not be without interest for inexperienced aspirants to Parliamentary honours:—

For an Eloquent Premier.—Never limit yourself to one word when two can possibly be used. Shun, as you would a pestilence or an epigram, all monosyllables, especially "Yes" and "No." Remember that the comforting quality of "that sweet word Mesopotamia" is probably due to its being polysyllabic. Cultivate that sensitive testiness which is so great a stimulus of verbal flux. Expand an answer to any question, no matter what or from whom, into an oration. Take care in the course of such oration to furnish palpable opportunities for further questions from captious catechisers, whom direct brevity would have disarmed or defeated. Answer those questions at still greater length. Even in declining to answer a particular question, or protesting vehemently and volubly against its character, be sure to indulge in passionate prolixity. Never sit contemptuously silent under the taunts of callow insolence or the floutings of obstructive incompetence, even when their mischievous or malicious purposes are exactly fulfilled by your indignant loquacity of rejoinder or rebuke.

For a Leader of Opposition.—Whilst being—for obvious reasons—

careful not to commit yourself, personally, to palpable obstructiveness, tolerate, when you do not actually promote it, among your less responsible followers. When charged with doing so, angrily, and in as many words as possible, repudiate the insinuation. Favour needless questions and purposeless debates,—purposeless and needless, that is, from any other point of view than that of killing time. Study and play upon the temperamental weaknesses of your political opponents, the loquacity of one, the irritability of another, the self-complacent smartness of a third. Indulge in factitious defences of disingenuous quibblings. Make the assumption of superior candour and righteous indignation the stalking-horse for insidious delay.

For a Budding Under-Secretary.—Never answer the simplest question with courteous conciseness. Study to be "smart." Make the extorted reply to take the form of an airy impertinence or a contemptuous snub. Be as provocative as possible when laconic, and as prolix as you can when formally polite.

For a "Brilliant" Ministerial Magnifico.—Play the political SALMONS at every opportunity. Scatter your epigrammatic firebrands about whenever there is combustible material at hand. If anyone pours oil on the troubled waters of debate, set fire to it, with heated rhetoric and flashing sarcasm. Be bounceably caustic, and ironically *de haut en bas*.

For a retired Colleague of a Ministry in Office.—Play the candid friend whenever you can see a chance of doing so without posing as a frank enemy. Say the nastiest things under cover of the nicest consideration. Arm the Opposition with poisoned weapons to pierce your old friends. Indulge in long academical disquisitions and comprehensive confessions of faith whenever you see or can make an opportunity. Affecting superior conscientiousness, act the political Joab in the manner best calculated to move your ancient opponents to voluble jubilation, and your late colleagues to time-consuming retort.

For an Opposition Free Lance.—Constitute yourself an incarnate Note of Interrogation. Question everybody about everything, and never be satisfied with any sort of answer whatever. Study newspaper canards all day to pester the Ministry all night. Put every interrogation in the most offensive possible form, and at as great length as possible. Suggest an insult in every sentence, and imply a falsehood in every remark. Make every cock-and-bull story you can get hold of matter for a question, and if possible for a debate. Profess inability to understand the plainest answer, and affect to detect evasion in the most candid explanation. Aim ever at establishing a "raw," and peg away at it with the persistence of I'o's gadfly. Bring baseless charges of nefarious conspiracy and villainous motive. When these charges are clearly refuted, bring them again, —and again. Make many speeches empty of pertinence, but chock-full of puerile insolence. "Check" your intellectual and moral "betters," in the hope that they may at length waste trouble—and time—in castigating you. When you have tricked them into spending time on you, take more time in denouncing them for so spending it. "Get up" some subject—Foreign Affairs, for choice—in the same spirit as that in which the scribbler got up Chinese Metaphysics. Put your historical and geographical hotch-potch into the form of a speech, and demand explanation of non-existent difficulties, and answers to idiotic inquiries. When your preposterous edifice of misread data and false assumptions is knocked to bits, piece it together again, and reproduce it at the next opportunity, so that more time may again be spent in demolishing it. When you can do nothing, fall back upon the inarticulate eloquence of noisy interruption. Every superfluous "rise to order" occupies some minutes, an unsupported contradiction consumes moments, and even howlings, in the gross, take appreciable time.

For an Independent Member.—Trot out your special *[fad à tort et à travers]*, and refuse to let the wheels of State move on until your private hobby-horse has been duly paraded, or your particular cherry-stone of crotchety opinion has been crushed or kicked out of the road.

These rules, deduced from the practice of Past-Masters in the art of Parliamentary time-wasting, are, of course, only adapted to the needs of Parliamentary tyros. They have been in full and fruitful exercise at St. Stephen's for some years past. JOHN BULL has had abundant opportunity of studying their progress and their results. Perhaps before long he may be moved to express in unmistakable terms his opinion of their merits. If he does not, he will prove himself a more patient and thick-skinned Issachar than *Mfr. Punch* credits him with being.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORM INAUGURATED AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—On Saturday last Cod was selling at the West End for 1s. 6d. per pound, and at the Central Fish Market retail for 3d. per pound! This joke is too good to be omitted!

THE "REAL PRESSURE OF THE RATES."—The pressure brought to bear on Her Majesty's Government by those who are continually "rating" it.

FAWCETT TO FLORA.

[The Postmaster-General has been compelled to issue a proclamation urging precaution in the sending of flowers through the Post.]

In the Spring the Liberal Party tries to do its level best,
In the Spring the wanton Tory makes himself a public pest;
In the Spring a heavier pressure comes upon my hard-worked host;
In the Spring the Public fancies sending flowers through the Post;
So I say, my blooming Flora—and I mean it not as *ergot*—
On that pretty practice I would not place a complete embargo.
But I really must impress upon your votaries, Goddess fair,
The necessity of caution, the propriety of care.
Primroses when pressed go pappy, violets when squeezed get damp,
The Narcissus juice exudeth under pressure of the stamp.
Water is extremely grateful to the buds in gardens nodding
But the Post is discommoded by damp moss and soaking wadding;
Floral tricklings pulp epistles, and obliterate addresses,
Covent Garden in a post-bag makes the nastiest of messes.
Therefore, Madam, I entreat you, I implore you, as a friend,
Urge your votaries who floral tributes through the Post must send,
Just to pack them tightly, neatly, safe from leakage, fracture, loss,
With the maximum of caution, and the minimum of moss!

SLUMMING REVERSED.

At a Meeting to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of London, held at the "Cow in the Coffee-Pot," Milk Street, Clerkenwell, last Saturday, there was a very large attendance, the extraordinary number being doubtless due to the interest with which the Report of Mr. BUGGINS, who



A Rough Sketch.

has recently been slumming in the West End of London, was looked forward to. After a couple of songs, and the expulsion of a gentleman who was under the alcoholic impression that the Meeting had been convened for a glove-fight, business was commenced.
Mr. BUGGINS, who was received with cheers, thanked his friends for the reception as how they had given him. It was perfectly true that he had recently been slumming—(groans)—he begged pardon, but if that wall-eyed son of a baker hooted him again, he'd kick him out of the place, and show him who was which—he meant to say West-Ending—(cheers)—and he found that the accounts they had all heard of how the rich lived were in no way exaggerated. He had gone with his friends to Mayfair, where all the most blooming toffs, or he should say real nobby swells hung out, and, owing to the kindness of an old pal of his who was footman there, he and his friends got into the house while the owner was out, a-hunting or a-shooting. (Groans.) It was a house dark and poky and stuffy, where you could smell the dinner all over the place all day long, and for this the toff paid over £200 a-year. (Groans.) To increase the darkness and stuffiness, this poor ignorant buffer, instead of nice whitewash, which always looked clean and cheerful, and on which you could write up anything you wanted to remember, or figure out a sum, had hung up thick curtains and matting. (Murmurs.) They might grumble, but it was true, as he'd show one or two of them when he got them outside. And just round the corner of this swell house, with all its pictures and flowers about the place, till it looked like the outside of a show at a fair—(laughter)—there was actually stables, the smell of which came pouring into the house all day, for these 'ere swells actually opened their winders whenever they could, to get what they called fresh air. (Groans.) Well, he went upstairs, and there in each bedroom he found a bath. ("Question?") It was true; and each of the people in that house took a cold bath every morning, and then wondered why they wasn't well. (Laughter.) Other examples of the ignorance and discomforts of the rich he might tell 'em, but his explorations were cut short by the toff himself returning, and using most violent language. He sacked that poor footman—(yells)—and if they hadn't been four of them, to roll him down-stairs, he would have got a policeman—(shrieks)—to take JOE SCROGGINS into custody, simply because poor JOE had put half-a-dozen silver spoons in his pocket, to show the Meeting as a memento of their visit. (Cheers.) As to the absence of JOE SCROGGINS—
A small boy here entered the room to say that Mr. SCROGGINS had pawned the six spoons, and was a-standing treat all round at the "Calf and Kid," upon which the Meeting immediately dispersed in great disorder, but subsequently kept up festivities until closing-time at the "Calf and Kid."

ANOTHER HUNTING PUZZLE.—The Sportsman's Exhibition. Problem—Where to find a Sportsman?

LOVE IN THE LIMELIGHT.

AIR—Mr. Leslie's Popular Song.

THINK not that love, if left alone,
Will run on smoothly—sweetly;
Or out of hobbles all its own
Withdraw itself discreetly.
Thus—to the purpose:—From his Stall
An inexperienced Chappie
A lime-lit Maiden longed to call
His own, and make her happy.

Chorus.

For he pined for fairy society—
She where she was would have stayed;
But he was a lordling, and she but a "Miss,"
And that a great difference made!

He asked her hand. She murmured "Yes!"
And even, most politely,
To spare his good Mamma distress,
Played fairies no more nightly.
She said, "His noble father fills
The Upper House with measures.
To know I'm daily in the bills
Cannot enhance his pleasures!"

Chorus.

Then she pined for higher society,
And there had willingly stayed;
For he was a lordling, and she but a Miss,
And that all the difference made.

'Twas settled. Still the Earl would call
The match an *infra dig*, one,
And style the "tree" that graced his hall
"A rare—if not a big one."
He also urged that maid to part
With much in view of marriage;
He bade her first call in her car
Before she kept her carriage!

Chorus.

Then he tested her fairy society,
Though owning he felt much afraid,
For his son was a lordling, and she a mere Miss,
And that such a difference made!

The time sped on. No more that day
Cut graceful fairy capers,
But got referred to every day
In fashionable papers.
And merry as a marriage-bell
All went, till scandal scorning,
Her Chappie—sorry truth to tell—
Backed out of it one morning.

Chorus.

For he now feared her fairy society,
At least, so to say, he was made;
But as he was a lordling, and she a Stage Miss,
The bill—if it came—could be paid.

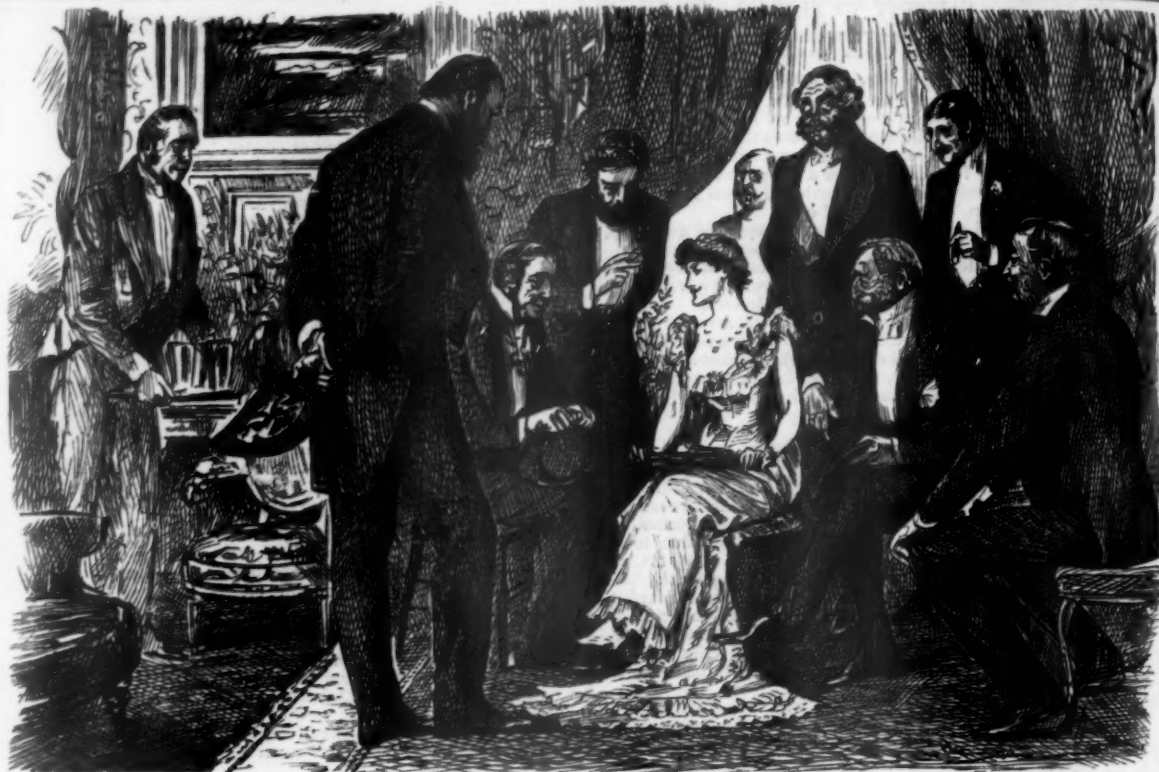
And so it ends! An action brought
The public chatter feeding,
The while, within another Court,
That maid her cause is pleading.
And though that Chappie's deed to grace
There'll be no wreath of laurel,
Twelve jurymen from out his case
Perchance may draw this moral:—

Chorus.

Whate'er be your lot in society,
Just stick to your own proper grade,—
And you'll ne'er find yourself up a family tree,
—Or left out in the cold cruel shade!

LATEST EXAMPLE OF THE TURNING OF WORMS.—Baron de Worms right-about-face on the subject of the Contagious Diseases (Cattle) Act.

WHAT THE RUDE BOYS SHOUT TO THE WEARERS OF FASHIONABLE HIGH SHOULDERS.—"Shoulder Humps!"



HOW TO HAVE IT ALL ONE'S OWN WAY.

MRS. MANVILLE DE HORSEY IS FAMED FOR HER PLEASANT LITTLE DINNERS. SHE THINKS IT A MISTAKE TO INVITE HUSBAND AND WIFE TOGETHER. SHE THINKS IT A BETTER PLAN TO INVITE THEM SEPARATELY. SHE INVITES THE HUSBANDS FIRST—AND ALWAYS FORGETS TO INVITE THE WIVES AFTER!

THE MAN WITH THE EYEGGLASS IS THE PROUD AND HAPPY HUSBAND OF MRS. MANVILLE DE HORSEY. THE DISCONTENTED INDIVIDUAL WITH THE PINCE-NEZ IS MR. SPINKS, WHO THINKS (AND VERY PROPERLY) THAT NO PARTY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT MRS. SPINKS.

JOHN THOMAS ON THE SERVICE-FRANCHISE.

Wor's upset me, Miss MARIAR? Ah! you well may ask, my dear! No, it isn't my neuralgy, nor the influinks of that beer,—(Though a beastlier tap I never, swelp me Mungo, rekerleet,)—It's this Morning Post, MARIAR, as perdooces the effect. Not the paper, bang ontondoo, though that isn't wot it were When its figger was three d, dear; but it still keeps up a hair Of hairistocratic Aortoor, though it's done upon the cheap. No, it's old Verbosity's last, dear,—as might make a hangel weep. Jest emagine, Miss MARIAR, my emoshun when I heard That the New Reform Bill promised one perversion not absurd, Which Wes named "The Suvvice Franchise"! Well, thinks I, it's come at last, And old Chips is not all humbug, notwithstanding his black past; He has done the right thing this time! And I akshally tipped down Arf a tankard to his 'ealth, dear,—and was done completely brown! Yah! I ought to 'ave known better. It's all 'Ampstead to a hegg That you'll never get a good thing out of that confounded Wes. 'Twas the name as took me in, dear,—that's his artfulness! Jest think!

It's enough to make one hemigrate or give his mind to drink. Wich I'll ask you, Miss MARIAR, quite imparshal like and frank—As I know you'll answer ditto—wot does "Suvvice" mean? I'll thank Any one, from Doctor JOHNSON to JOE CHAMBERLING, to call Any defernishun puffect as exeloods the Suvvinks' 'All. We are "Suvvice," Miss MARIAR; yet will you believe your hears, When I tell you that whilst parties in the most inferior speers, Such as gamekeepers and gurdners, gits their votes without no fuss, They've so shaped their "Suvvice Franchise" that it don't enfranchise Hus!!!

Ah! you well may round your eyes, dear, like a pooty little ghost! Betwixt you and me, MARIAR, and this blessed Morning Post,

Suvvice isn't wot it wos, dear, as were never no great shakes: But there's one thing I do 'ope for; when the British Lion wakes, Takes his tail from 'twixt his hind legs, where, since Rads came in, it 'angs, Like a donkey's or whipped tarrier's, when he bares his 'orful fangs, And goes slap for everyboddy, as the British Lion ought, If he means to be respected; then, I trust,—and sweet's the thought!— That our paltryfogging PREMYER and his shabby Shirker lot, For this hinsult to our horder may jest ketch it extry 'ot!

A MATTER OF TASTE.

DAN'L DRAVE, the piece recently reproduced at the Royal Court Theatre, was originally played at the Haymarket some eight or ten years ago, when it was not exactly a triumphant success. "*Dan'l*" has come to judgment a second time—with what result the future will show. At present, however, the chief interest of the Sloane Square audiences seems to centre in the appearance of Miss FINNEY-FORTESCUE, a young lady whose name is well known "in another place," to wit, the Queen's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice. According to Mr. BROADLEY's book upon the Defence of ARABI, Mr. BARNUM offered the British Government any sum they pleased to fix to be permitted to take the interesting captive as a show round the provinces. Have the Lessees of the Court Theatre seen this passage and improved upon the idea? It is worth noting, too, *à propos* of this subject, that in the amusing afterpiece which concludes the evening's entertainment, Mrs. JOHN WOOD sings once again the ever popular "*His heart was true to Poll*," with its refrain—

"'Tis no matter what you do,
If your heart be only true—
And his heart was true to POLL!"

Perhaps it is intended by the Lessees that this ditty should now be accepted as a topical song.



THE "SERVICE" FRANCHISE.

JOHN THOMAS (*log.*) " 'ERE'S A PRETTY START, MISS MARIA! THEY'RE GOING TO GIVE GAMEKEEPERS AND SUCH-LIKE RUBBISH VOTES, AND HAC'SHALLY DON'T RECO'NISE US!!! "



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LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

To Mr. W. S. Willis, about the new Piece at the Prince's.

MY DEAR WILLIS,

I FEEL sure that you must be very anxious to learn how your pupil in the art of dramatic construction, HENRY HERMAN (who, of course, you will remember, was associated with you in the production of *Claudian*) gets on without your assistance. Your collaborateur has recently taken to himself a partner in the person of Mr. HENRY A. JONES. In fact, HERMAN, hitherto your man, has now become his man. He has already had some dealings with his present colleague, having written *Silver King*, or *Silver Guilt* (for the moment I forget which), a piece which was received with considerable favour. Having thus refreshed your memory, I proceed to deal with *Breaking a Butterfly*, just produced at the Prince's.

Although the new work is said to be founded upon the *Norah* of dear, amiable, old, tragedy-loving, mirth-provoking IBSSEN (of course, you know all about him), I cannot help feeling that HERMAN, profiting

by your lessons in construction, has, so to speak, run alone, without accepting any help from the good-natured Italian, Russian, Greek, or was it Swedish? playwright, to whom I have alluded. HERMAN seems to have proceeded upon the rule, "Take care of the situations at the end of the First and Second Acts, and the Third Act will look after itself." Thus, the Curtain falls for the first time upon a Bank-Manager dismissing a dishonest Clerk, who has his employer's wife in his power, because that wife has committed a forgery, and, for the second time, upon that husband taking the blame of the forgery upon his



She Lingered by the Christmas Tree.
"Oh, such an artless thing!"

own shoulders, to the confusion of the dishonest Clerk, and the gratitude of the guilty Lady. No doubt HERMAN, following your example in the case of *Claudian*, when, of course, after constructing the piece, you said to your colleague, "There, my boy, there is my framework, now write your poetry," has said to JONES, in his turn, "There, my lad, I have given you the points, just like a good fellow, put in some padding." The request has met with ready compliance, and thus we have a strangely-conducted bank, where the Manager, at the request of his wife, increases the salary of an old Clerk twenty pounds a-year, out of their employers' money; a projected children's party, whereat the hostess is to dance the *Tarentella*, in the costume of a Neapolitan peasant; a Special Correspondent to a leading daily journal, who writes his articles, dated St. Petersburg, in London (this little touch, no doubt, was introduced to please Messrs. SALA, FORBES, and RUSSELL, and to secure good notices in the papers they respectively represent); and, lastly, a Lady of so much innocence, that she cannot see any harm whatever in forgery when it is committed "to save her father the trouble of writing his signature on his death-bed." This Lady, although in the full bloom of mature womanhood, is accepted by all the characters in the piece as a young person whose extreme frivolity is fully accounted for by her very tender years. Thus, as the representative of the part dresses rather "young," and reminds one of the Tragedy Queens we see in the Provinces, comparison is unavoidably challenged with the approaching-to-middle-aged heroine of *Little Toddlekens*. Next we have the old Clerk, who crowns a long life of faithful service by robbing the dishonest employé—thus earning the hearty congratulations of his official Chief, the Bank Manager. And there is a certain novelty about the age of this old Clerk, which is worth noting. Apparently to obtain a glass of wine from the Banker's wife, he tells her that he has been robbed of nine hundred pounds by the dishonest Clerk, and is the more annoyed at the occurrence as he had saved this considerable sum "by sixpences." Say he accumulated at the rate of sixpence a-day, and began saving at sixteen, he must now be at least one hundred and fifty odd years old! Then there is the confrère of the Special Correspondents, who has such a lax Editor in Fleet Street, and who is so like the modern Journalist! Lastly, there is the dishonest and silly (for the Authors carefully explain that he

has made nothing by his rogueries) Clerk, who looks and dresses like the veriest and poorest cad that ever paraded the shadier parts of Mile End or Whitechapel.

The scene of the play is laid in "the parlour of *Humphrey Goddard's* house, adjoining *Churchill Habershon's* Bank." And, strange as the Bank may be, the Bank customers must be stranger. Entering the establishment, which, we are told, is next door to a Cathedral (no doubt it was once used as a Chapter-house), the most careless observer must have been struck with the appearance of the Officials. The Manager, who walks and talks like Mr. LIVING, employs most of his time in vaguely endorsing the back of a brief, the centenarian Clerk wears no collar, and is evidently partial to sherry, while the Cashier, as has already been hinted, may really be considered a blot on the civilisation of the Nineteenth Century. No one but a lunatic would deposit his money in such a Bank, and he only in the well-founded belief that the owner of the establishment must be a brother maniac.

And I think, my dear WILLIS, that you, with your keen sense of humour, had you still been associated with HENRY HERMAN, would have insisted upon showing *Mrs. Goddard's* children's party. It

would have been very droll. It was to have been held in the bank parlour, wherein had been deposited a huge Christmas-tree, sparingly decorated with about a shilling's worth of penny toys and a half-guinea Punch. Although a number of children were expected (what a fight there would have been amongst them to get that disproportionately valuable Punch-doll!) only two guests had been actually invited in the presence of the audience—the very true-to-nature Journalist and the centenarian Clerk. Both these gentlemen were tempted to accept the invitation by *Little Toddlekens*—I mean the Manager's wife—promising to dance the *Tarentella*, in the short petticoats of a Neapolitan peasant, to amuse them, and, no doubt, the other little ones. It must be noted, however, that the Centenarian received his card of admission weighted with the condition that he, too, was to appear in fancy dress. Probably to keep herself in countenance, *Little Toddlekens* (I really forget what she was called in the piece, but I mean the Manager's wife) insisted upon her aged friend—the promise was extorted from him after he had swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry—appearing dressed up in uniform as the late Duke of WELLINGTON! I think I have said enough to show that had *Mrs. Goddard's* dance been given as a finish to the Third Act, it would have "gone with roars!"

In conclusion, my dear WILLIS, after reading so far you will have, very naturally, asked yourself, "But why *Breaking a Butterfly*? Who was the butterfly, and when was he or she broken?" Quite so. Well, I admit it is rather difficult to discover the reason for the name of the piece. I don't think the Authors intended the Bank Manager, *Little Toddlekens*, the true-to-nature Journalist, or the Bank Manager's mother to be taken for the Butterfly. For a moment I considered it possible that the Manager's sister might have been indicated as the developed grub. But after calmly reflecting that she had a very bass voice, and a rather painful autobiographical anecdote about waiting one day to be married, and then suddenly finding her bridegroom dead, I reluctantly discarded her claims to the flitting-from-flower-to-flowery title. Then I thought to myself, "The Butterfly was broken—broken! Ah! here's a clue to the mystery! The caddy Clerk is the only person at the end of the piece who is 'broken'; consequently, the caddy Clerk must be the Butterfly!" No doubt I am right. And yet when I think of the caddy Clerk, with his seedy clothes, his hateful countenance, and his slouching manner, I cannot help feeling that had Messrs. HERMAN and JONES searched a little more carefully, they might have found a more appropriate representative for the part.

With love from NIBBS to SQUIBBS, believe me,

Affectionately yours, CHARLES (their Friend).



Another kind of Tree.
"When the audience saw him, they could not believe he was a villain."—*Opinion of the Press.*

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE London School-Board has adopted the report of a Committee alleging, with regard to the Education of the People, "that the needlework requirements of the new Code are too severe." As far as boys are concerned, the only school in which any such requirement can exist at all one would take to be Merchant Taylors.

ROOM OR COMPANY?

THE following advertisement puzzle appears in the *Sussex Daily News*:-

UNFURNISHED ROOMS,
for University man and wife, in family of similar standing.

The "University man and wife" will have, we should imagine, some difficulty in getting suited. It would save considerable trouble if they would not only mention their University, but College—the wife was probably at Newnham or Girton—and then there would be some chance of a family being found to match. But we should imagine they would be far more likely to find a family in unfurnished rooms (though how a family could exist in unfurnished rooms, especially when the "University man and wife" required them, we are unable to understand) than unfurnished rooms in a family.

Signs of the Season.

Now the birds all pair.
Finches chirp and twitter,
If the weather's fair;
And be not too bitter.
Now the snowdrops spring,
And the crocus rises;
Meanwhile Counsel sing,
"Welcome, Spring Assizes!"

UNCONSIDERED TRUFFLES.

ARTIFICIAL eggs were had enough, but the climax of unnatural wickedness has now been attained by the manufacture of *Sham Truffles*! A special punishment will have to be invented for such atrocities. Epicurean humanity must show that it is not to be trifled with!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 176.



SALVINI.

"COME, I'LL GO SEE THIS ITALIAN!"

Cymbeline, Act II., Sc. 1.

EL TEB.

No "vacillation" no "confusion" there,
In that cool, stubborn, closely-serried square
By the indomitable desert horde
Shocked, but not shaken!
— While calm pluck abroad
Clears the confused entanglements that come
From halting counsels, heated blame at home,
Folly has not full issue in catastrophe;
Our lions save our donkeys still. The Assyrophy
Is reared with jubilant brayings as their own
By the scarce rescued Long Ears! Loudly blown
Brazen official trumpets may proclaim
Blunderdom's right to honour and to fame,
But GRAHAM and his men may better know
The meaning of the Briton's frank "Bravo!"

Ominous!

THE *St. James's Gazette* informs us that—

"Mr. WARTON has obtained the first place on Tuesday, the 1st of April, for his motion in reference to the procedure on Bills returned from the House of Lords."

It is perhaps hardly kind of our contemporary to allude to the Member for Bridport and his doings in this pointed fashion.

MR. GODFREY will, it is rumoured, follow *My Milliner's Bill*, at the Court, with a little comedietta of a somewhat similar nature, to be called *My Tailor's Jane*.

FIRST-NIGHT WRECKERS.

SIR,—SHAKESPEARE did some good things, but I do hate to hear people talking as if there was nothing more in the sea because one big fish once swam in it. There are lots of people who could and would write fine plays for the delectation of an appreciative Public, but for the danger of the proceeding. I've got a whole cupboardful myself of splendid plays. But none of these brilliant efforts have ever seen the footlights, and never will; for, though I'm a boldish man, *I'm afraid of the ordeal!*

I fear the "First-Night Wreckers." Bless you, I know the rascals by sight, having watched their tricks many and many a time when the fate of a promising new Comedy was hanging in the balance. Impudent young jackanapes they are, as they sell their yards of silk behind the counter all the week through, smiling sweetly; mischievous, dangerous young varmints of a Saturday night, when, their screw in their pocket, they say one to another, "Let's have a glass of old and bitter, and go and damn a play." The young scamps congregate in or about the first row of the Pit, squatting in groups, and if there's a hitch or a moment of uncertainty, they give a view-halloo, and start helter-skelter in full cry. In other words, they look out for squalls, and amuse themselves by fanning a breeze into a tempest. Sometimes the House hushes them down; then they growl, and go sulkily to sleep, deprived of their fun.

Woe to the Author if he has written lines that can be twisted into a double meaning. "Cackle, cackle!" go the geese,—and "Hiss," too, as such sapient fowls will, when spiteful. I've listened to their talk before the rising of the Curtain—before they could possibly know

anything about the promised entertainment—and pretty things I've heard 'em say. More. I've seen one of the gentry in a corner, from whence he could not possibly see the Stage, with his eyes shut and his chin buried in his breast, hissing like a kettle on a hob. I've heard one observe to another (this is absolutely true), "Snooks's last effort was a fizzle; we'll have a lark this evening." And so it comes about that Managers, Actors, Authors, talented Artists, and earnest and hard-working Gentlemen, are put upon the rack—ridiculed, flouted, insulted—by a parcel of ignorant youths out of the shops, and "made a sport" (if you'll allow me to be poetic) "to adorn a draper's holiday."

No, Sir! Not for me. Until the destroying vagabonds who, like the Mohocks, find their pleasure in the infliction of pain upon others, are hooted out of the Pit, I prefer to remain

ONE OF THE UNACTED.

Too Good to be True.

At the public examination of a debtor in Exeter, the other day, we were told the shorthand writers present "gave the receiver to understand that they had made up their minds as a body throughout the country not to accept the scale of remuneration allowed by the Bankruptcy Act." All strikes we know spread. Supposing all the shorthand writers struck? The prospect is too delicious! No Parliamentary Reports, no record of political stumpings, no chronicle of wordy after-dinner orations! We do not like strikes as a rule, but a stenographic strike would be a cause of intense jubilation to most newspaper-readers. But alas! the matter has since been adjusted.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3.—"Thought it would come to this," said the Doorkeeper, as he gently but firmly led the Gentleman out. Gentleman had been attempting to address the House from the Speaker's Gallery: well known to be contrary to law. Had come in as usual at Question Time, taken his seat right in centre, and observed proceedings with usual keen interest.

"Mad, quite mad," he muttered, when Wilfrid Lawson found opportunity for Conservatives to go on the rampage on Egyptian question. "Wonder they let these sort of flighty persons into the House. Talk about Redistribution of Seats! What we want is Redistribution of Members, some of them being left outside."

Was not, however, till RANDOLPH appeared that the Gentleman began to attract general attention. RANDOLPH, excited beyond measure by iniquity of Government, who after six nights' debate on policy in Egypt will not at interval of three days make further series of long speeches explaining the thrice-explained policy. With foot well out and manly forefinger wagging at trembling PREMIER, RANDOLPH roared. Gentleman in the Gallery began to work his forefinger.

"Where," cried RANDOLPH, throwing up his right arm, "is the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Birmingham?" (Gentleman in Gallery threw up his right arm as if he was on same semaphore system as RANDOLPH). "And where," RANDOLPH thundered, "is the Member for Marthyr?"

Up went RANDOLPH's left arm pointing to avenging glass roof. Up went left arm of Gentleman in Gallery. An arm each did for BRIGHT and RICHARD; but when RANDOLPH returned to the PREMIER, both arms went up, and tearing to pieces a page of his notes, he strewed the fragments on the floor. This was too much for Gentleman in the Gallery. Standing up, flinging both arms up, clenching his hands and wringing them as if he would tear them to pieces and cast them on the floor, he cried out, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, don't—"

Here Address ended. Rule of House which limits speech to one Member at a time already strained. RANDOLPH and PREMIER nagging at each other across floor. Really couldn't have anonymous Gentleman joining in from Speaker's Gallery. So elderly Messengers, always kept in training for BRADLAUGH, appeared on scene, and led him forth.

"Knew how it would be," one of the Doorkeepers moaned, shaking his head ruefully. "Decent a man as y'ever saw when he first came. Set through the six nights' Debate on Vote of Censure. Could see he was beginning to grow shaky. Came on again with Debate on Franchise Bill. Mind evidently tottering. Warned him, but no

use. Came again to-night, and there y'are. Nobody can stand it. Would have been in Bedlam myself years ago, only for my mate taking turns about." *Business done.*—County Suffrage Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—Dreadful rumour about the House to-night. Said Lord Mayor DAWSON, tempted by the paltry pittance of a Government office, is 'about to abandon Imperial Politics, and take to Collecting Rates. Sensation something like what would follow on news that BISMARCK was going into the Bathing-machine business, or GLADSTONE setting up as a Timber Merchant.

Whether seated on Front Bench below Gangway in Lord Mayoral robes, so that nothing might obstruct view of his scarlet cloak, his golden chain, his Damascene blade, and his massive lower limbs in velvet shorts and silk stockings; whether demolishing the Government, or pouring contempt on Parma and on Spain (meaning Lord CLAUD HAMILTON and Lord CRICHTON); whether with gracious humility quoting the opinion of "One more illustrious than I"; whether describing his descent on Derry with graphic gorgeousness of phrase that MACAULAY might have envied; or whether simply sitting listening in the costume of the period, with one leg crossed, arms folded, and falcon eye fixed on the foe, the ex-Lord Mayor is exquisite. If he wants £1,200 a-year, let us subscribe it, and keep him with us. DAWSON's colleagues indignant at Report. If there's £1,200 a-year going begging, general opinion that it isn't fair DAWSON should have it. Several been in the House longer than him, and made much more noise.

Debate on Young BALFOUR's Motion on Housing of Poor. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW back again after going round the world in search of information on question. Has watched the housing of the poor in Chinese quarter of San Francisco, spent an evening wandering through the purlieus of Tokio, seen how the poor live on the Canton River, studied Malay house-architecture at Singapore and Penang, and huddled with the humble Indian on the sterile plains by Allahabad.

"WATERLOW's quite at high-water mark on this subject," DILKE said, listening to his speech. Elsewhere uneasy feeling that since matter has been referred to Royal Commission waste of time to be debating it at length. Still speeches ready and must be delivered.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—Amid uproarious applause from Mr. HARRINGTON, SEXTON delivered stupendous speech. Began at four o'clock; finished at five. Might as well have gone on till seven, only House usually rises at six on Wednesdays.

"An incoherent assemblage of sentences distantly connected by chain of vituperation" is Mr. GIBSON's description of SEXTON's peculiar form of oratory.

It is certainly remarkable, but it greatly pleased HARRINGTON, more especially when SEXTON genially alluded to Irish Landlords as

"igite," and abused the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland for being "not only dumb but absent." Curious how Irish Members always go for IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who is generally a dull but otherwise blameless man.

Cause of the rumpus was Parnellites want to amend the Land Act by taking away whatever it left to Landlord. TREVELYAN puts his foot down and says "No!" whereupon SEXTON appears, and (of course in Parliamentary sense) accuses the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland of depriving his mother-in-law of bread. That seems to settle the matter. Bill thrown out and everybody goes home.

Business done.—Land Law (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill rejected by 235 votes against 72.

Thursday.—There happening to be no work for Parliament to do just now, no important Bills requiring consideration, resolved to have another night with Egyptian Question. Lord BURY led off in Lords. Colonel STANLEY recommenced in Commons. Really astonishing, and highly creditable to command over facial muscles, the way Hon. Gentlemen and Noble Lords come up to the scratch. Been in session over a month. Not a sitting passed without shower of questions on affairs in Egypt. Five nights' debate on the Vote of Censure. Seven other nights of debate irregularly sprung upon the House. In Lords, GRANVILLE declares he has answered question fifteen or sixteen times. Yet here to-night, in freshest paint and with every appearance of wanting to know, comes Lord BURY in the Lords with "the MARKIS" to follow; and in the Commons Colonel STANLEY with both hands resting on the table, standing on one leg, and swinging the other backwards and forwards whilst he asks, "What is your policy in Egypt?"

HARTINGTON, with crushed manner and in wearied voice, goes all through business once more. GLADSTONE the only man still lively on the matter. Once more expounds his policy, and then marching in melancholy single file comes the old procession carrying a banner with the too-familiar device "What's your policy in Egypt?"

"Might as well shut up the place and go home," says HARTINGTON. "As a farce it wasn't very good on first night, and since then never been off the bills. We're sick of it. If we're to have obstruction, I prefer old style; a long wrangle, a sudden explosion, and O'DONNELL put out, or Joseph GILLIS discovered up in Strangers' Gallery grinning down upon an assembly temporarily bereft of his companionship."

Business done.—None.

Friday.—A little tired of House to-night. Went and sat in Ladies' Gallery. Looked down on bear-pit, where they quarrelled round CHAMBERLAIN'S passive figure. Question is, Was patronage under Bankruptcy Act distributed among political partisans? CHAMBERLAIN conclusively shows it was not. On contrary, quite unusual pains taken to secure best men. Tories a little staggered. After hesitation, determine to go on. Press for Committee, and are beaten two to one.

"Well, now," said Miss CROCKER, one of those charming girls America occasionally sends over to Redress the Balance between the Old World and the New, "they talk about party squabbles in my country, but I suppose this is about the meanest thing your Opposition ever did?"

Don't like to admit it to a stranger; but in privacy of Diary may say it is. I give up JOSEPH GILLIS, GEORGE HAMILTON, GRAND CROSS, and some other Gentlemen on Front Bench. 'Tis their nature to. But to see Colonel STANLEY and GRIBSON going out to vote with their party in this pitiful spiteful personal attack, astounds me.

Business done.—None.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE DINNER.

THE LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of the evening on the occasion of the recent City banquet given in honour of Lord SHAFTESBURY, announced to the assembled company that his original idea had not been to preside at a grand and costly public entertainment of the kind at which they were then assisting, but at quite a private and homely little affair of a very different character. It is, however, only known to a select few that this earlier and more economical social gathering really was essayed and came off. As the speeches of guest and host on the occasion were naturally of a very simple and informal character, they may perhaps be read with interest by those to whom the sudden rush made by the City with its Freedom literally at the head of the veteran philanthropic Nobleman, is yet somewhat of a mystery. Subjoined is the hitherto unreported account of the proceedings:—

At the Mansion House yesterday afternoon a chop-and-hot-potato lunch was given by the LORD MAYOR (R. N. FOWLER, M.P.) to the Earl of SHAFTESBURY and some half-dozen personal friends who had expressed a wish to have a good uninterrupted stare at his Lordship.

After the usual loyal toasts had been duly proposed and honoured, the LORD MAYOR said he had now to drink to the health of his distinguished guest. He thought, as they were practically quite alone, he could afford to be frank with the Noble Earl, and tell him how it

came about that he had asked him to look in and have lunch at all. The matter was very simple. He had, during his year of office, to have what he might colloquially style an occasional "flare up," but it was absolutely necessary if he desired a flare up to get hold of "somebody" just to flare up with. (*Laughter.*) Now the abnormal and extraordinary dearth of "somebodies" at the present moment obliged him to take up his *Whitaker*, and see whether he could put his finger on any one who might be said to be ripe for the Freedom of the City. He was not particular, not he;—a second-hand explorer would have done,—but unfortunately he could hit or nobody. Then he appealed in despair to the City Remembrancer. That functionary, who never seemed to remember anything or anybody, told him he must wait for "somebody home from Egypt," but he, the LORD MAYOR, knew what Egyptian affairs meant, and the Ninth of next November might be here first, and that wouldn't do for him. (*Hear, hear!*) Then a happy thought struck him all at once. He said to himself, "Why! bless me!—if there isn't old SHAFTESBURY!" (*Laughter.*) Why, they ought to have made something of him forty years ago! But, better late than never: he's the very thing for me! All this Dwelling of the Poor business to the fore just now: and the PRINCE on the Commission too! By Jove, I will. I'll ask him to lunch!" And that, concluded his Lordship, addressing the Noble Earl, is why you are here to-day, my Lord! (*Loud laughter.*)

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, who on rising was received with an encouraging cheer, said: My LORD MAYOR, and you two or three Gentlemen here assembled, I have very little to say in reply to your frank, but, I may add, not altogether pleasing little harangue; for you have reminded me—unintentionally, no doubt—of the fact that had not, I confess, occurred to me before,—namely, that to come bothering a man of my years at this advanced period of his life with the offer of a visionary sort of honour that would have come with far better grace a quarter of a century back, is in rather questionable, I might even say in rather clumsy taste! (*No, no!*) What is the use, I ask, of the Freedom of the City to me? (*A Voice—*"You can go up the Monument for nothing!") Just so. But that and the other numerous privileges conferred by the distinction, are not of a character to tickle the fancy of one who, like myself, has reached his eighty-fourth year, and passed most of the time in, I trust, no very frivolous spirit. (*Hear!*) And how do you confer the honour, after all? You ask me to a little—I say it with all respect—a little twopenny-halfpenny entertainment that I have frequently seen equalled—nay, sometimes eclipsed—by the modest luncheon-tariff at my own Club. (*Laughter.*) Gentlemen, the noble Earl went on to say, might laugh, but he should have thought that the laugh was entirely on his side. Had his worshipful host asked him to meet some three hundred representative guests, and invested the whole proceedings with a decent, but seasonable *éclat*, that would possibly have altered the circumstances of the case, and have, while paying a tardy compliment to himself, at least have given a sort of temporary stimulus to the cause for which he had laboured, and which, if he got a good two columns in the *Times* to himself, he would make them thoroughly understand he embodied. (*Cheers.*) As it was, he felt much inclined to ask them to let him alone. (*No, no!*) He meant it. (*Laughter.*)

On its being explained to his Lordship that "The Freedom of the City" included free admission to all the East-End Music-Halls, a season ticket at the City of London Theatre, the right of lunching at Crosby Hall for a quarter of the usual tariff, the privilege of taking friends at all hours to see the exterior of the Monument, of visiting the Docks (including that at the Old Bailey) without any ceremony and in any state his Lordship pleased, with various additional privileges, such as the right to the first cut off the joint at the Old London Tavern, real turtle at somebody else's expense at PAINTER'S, and four-penn'orth of whiskey for threepence anywhere within the precincts of the City,—on all this having been fully explained to him, the Noble Earl expressed his regret still more strongly that "The Freedom of the City" had not been conferred on him about forty years ago, but added that "It was better late than never, and, if the LORD MAYOR would only take him the rounds just to start him, he looked forward to spending many a jolly evening in the full enjoyment of new Liberty just conferred upon him."

The LORD MAYOR agreeing to this, a pleasant little party was formed, and, after the banquet, a thoroughly convivial evening was passed, and visits were paid to the various places of amusement, within the Freedom of the City. Cabs and broughams awaited them at the City boundary, marked by the Griffin, where, after three cheers, rather indistinctly given, for "Freedom and FOWLER!" they were escorted to their separate vehicles by the City Police, and reached their homes (according to distance) between two and three A.M., the finish-up with a stirrup-cup and a saraband at the Mansion House having detained them somewhat later than had been expected.

The Noble Earl says he is delighted with the Freedom of the City, but that he had rather a headache next morning. He hopes frequently to avail himself of the new privilege, and to take the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY with him on Wednesday nights.

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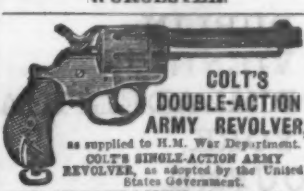
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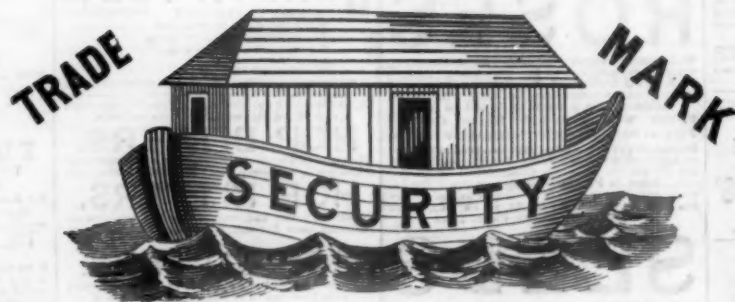
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